HOWDY ALL

By

William Herschell

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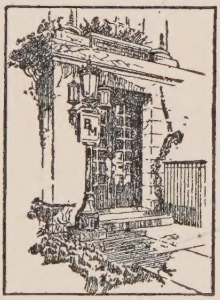

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HOWDY ALL

And Other Care-free Rhymes

By

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Author of

SONGS OF THE STREETS AND BYWAYS
THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS
THE SMILE-BRINGER
ETC.

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To

JIM McCORMICK

EDITOR

Who taught me it is easier to swing a pencil
than a hammer.

To *The Indianapolis News* and *The Red Book* the author expresses his gratitude for permission to reprint the verses contained in this volume.

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HOWDY ALL

THERE are some who give their greetings
In an arctic sort of way;
Some who make us kind of doubtful
As they "pass the time of day";
But there's one we'll always cherish,
For we like his cheery call
As he passes by each morning
Singing out his "Howdy all!"

It's the same to rogue and righteous,
It's the same to cad and churl;
It's a joy to man and woman,
It's a thrill to boy and girl.
He will make you feel as royal
As a king in palace hall,
As he waves his hand and greets you
With his smiling "Howdy all!"

At the wedding feast his presence
Gives good omen to the day;
He is welcome where there's sorrow—
Where he is no tear can stay.
Why, perhaps poor Humpty Dumpty
Still might be upon the wall
Had he never lost his balance
Chuckling at some "Howdy all!"

Howdy all's a joy-magician
Welcome everywhere he goes;
Where he plants a friendly greeting,
There a day of gladness grows.
I've a thought that when the curtain
Called Eternity shall fall,
He will start the angels laughing
When he sings out "Howdy all!"

THE BOY NEXT DOOR TO THE CIRCUS

When Pa an' Ma they move ag'in—
They're allus movin' out er in—
I'm goin' to say to them: "Gee whiz,
Let's move out where th' circus is!"

I know a guy whose backyard fence
Goes right up to th' circus tents,
An' he can sit right there an' see
Th' whole dog-gone menagerie!

His alley's where th' show comes in,
An' then, at night, goes out ag'in.
He sees more stuff on circus day
Than folks 'at go an' haf to pay.

He gits to hear th' keepers cuss
Th' big ole hippopotamus,
An' gee, his alley fence is right
Where all th' roustabouters fight.

Say, he can tell you to th' dot
How many clowns th' show has got.
An' somethin' else—he says he knows
Th' guy 'at trims th' tiger's toes.

He knows th' bosses by their names,
An' he's fed lions, too, he claims;
Oh yes, an' he says he give—once—
Terbacker to th' elephunts!

He ist knows everything about
A circus show—inside an' out!
But what gits me, he acts so swell
'Cause they git water from his well!

When Pa an' Ma they move ag'in—
They're allus movin' out er in—
I'm goin' to say to them: "Gee whiz,
Let's move out where th' circus is!"

WHEN SUGAR WAS UP

Fings is actin' mighty queer
'Tween myself an' Muvver dear.
Muvver she ist act like she
Ain't got one bit use for me.
'Specially I've noticed that
When I'm where our sugar's at.

Muvver all time used to say:
"You ain't e't a fing to-day.
Guess I'll maybe haf to bake
My sweet child a sugar cake.
Maybe make some candy, too,
'Fore I git my bakin' through."

Yes, an' ever' day she'd spread
Sugar on my butter bread,
But she don't do that no more
Like she used to do before.
Sugar's all ist for herself
Hid away upon our shelf.

I ist sit an' suck my fumbs
But no sugar never comes.
Nen if I start in to squall,
Muvver she don't care at all.
Muvver she ist says: "Gee whiz!
Sugar's scarcer'n babies is!"

THE LIGHTS OF FIVE O'CLOCK

WHEN the Lights of Five O'Clock come on,
Man's afterglow to a day that's gone,
I find it pleasant to sit and dream
Who fares beneath each friendly beam.
From my window here I watch them glow;
Some far above me and some below;
Some are as soft as a baby's kiss,
Some flare forth with an emphasis.

Up in the heights, where the roof and sky,
Play with the smoke-waves wafting by,
I see a girl, in the shadowed light,
Peer far out in the deepening night.
She prays fair weather! For soon her feet
Will dance with Love in a rhythmic beat.
Toil-wearied now—that will soon be gone,
For the Lights of Five O'Clock are on!

I see men hurry, I see some sway
With fag that comes at the close of day.
I see some laugh, though some may sigh;
See typewriters closed and books laid by.
Now is a woman—her hair grown gray-
Putting the wares of her shop away.
There goes an errand boy—on the run!—
With the mail in post his day is done!

When the Lights of Five O'Clock come on,
Man's afterglow to a day that's gone,
I find it pleasant to sit and dream
Who fares beneath each friendly beam.
And, oh, I hope, as each light goes out,
It sends none home with a sigh or doubt.
Instead, may Happiness find its dawn
When the Lights of Five O'Clock come on!

HECK HUTTON

Heck Hutton, down at Tailholt, he's my subject fer to-day,
An' I'd like to make you know him in an understandin' way.
Philosopher an' joker, an' a Jack-of-all-trades, too,
Heck never shies at nothin' that a human hand can do.
His humble shop, vine-covered, fronts a little byway street,
Where th' un-elected statesmen of th' town an' country meet.

Heck doctors ailin' harness or he'll give your
shoes a sole;
He'll make your pump give water if there's water
in th' hole.
Th' wimmen bring their pots an' pans to him from
miles around,
An' they know, too, that in his shop their men
folks can be found.
Yes, sir, they'll always find 'em there, each
argyin' to see
How fur from Heck's position all th' rest can
disagree.

Heck's always crowded full o' facts—an' figgers,
too, I'll state—
So don't go at him half-informed when itchin'
fer debate!
But, to my mind, Heck's funniest when he be-
gins, off-hand,
A-talkin' scientific stuff th' rest don't understand.
He gits all loaded up with facts that can not be
denied,
Then holds th' boys in magic spell—just clean,
plum mystified!

Heck Hutton, down at Tailholt, ain't concerned
with wealth or style;
He'll take a grin most any time an' swap it fer a
smile.
He may be just a tinker on th' common wares
of life,
But Heck's a true mechanic, too, at patchin' woe
an' strife.
Fact is, good old Heck Hutton binds my soul to
this belief—
That smile o' his could solder up th' leaky eyes
of Grief!

THE LATTICED PRISONER

EACH sunny day, when passing by,
I catch the twinkle of her eye;
I find a gladness in her smile
That makes my passing well worth while.
There's Heaven in the face of her—
My little latticed prisoner!

It is not hard to understand
Why she is held with sturdy hand.
But for that latticed gate she'd be
Engaged in roving witchery,
For as it is she holds complete
The royal thraldom of our street.

I see her glances range afar
And wonder what her dream-thoughts are.
She knows the world goes on somewhere
Beyond the corner of the square.
The Grocery Boy, the Mail Man, too,
Go down that way and pass from view.

How long, she wonders, must she wait
Till, challenging her latticed gate,
Her feet, grown bolder, may be free
To leave the Porch of Infancy?
The Corner first—and then the Square—
And then the boundless Everywhere!

THE HILLS OF INDIANA

The hills of Indiana
All are happy hills to me,
A page of high-and-byway
Out of God's geography.
The prairies may be richer
In their providential soil.
But give me hills for haven
When I'm tired of men and toil.

The hills of Indiana
Roll and tumble all about
As children do, at bedtime,
When they have their riot out.
The comradeship of nature
Is a comradeship of all;
The big hills never bully
Little hills because they're small.

THE HILLS OF INDIANA

The hills of Indiana
Are not so unfriendly steep
They glory, like a hermit,
In a lone, seclusive sleep.
Instead they offer pathways
To each flower-favored crest,
Where city-weary pilgrims
May find happiness and rest.

The hills of Indiana
Seem to know and understand
They are celestial stairways
Fashioned by a Master Hand.
They lead us up and upward
As though, in a friendly part,
When we fare forth to Heaven
They'll give us a better start!

WHEN AIN'T NOBODY HOME

When ain't nobody home! Gee whiz,
That's 'bout th' toughest time there is!
Come home from school an' run around
To where your Mother's always found
An' she ain't there! Th' kitchen's dark
An' locked as fast as Noah's Ark.
Th' front door, too, is bolted tight
An', gee, it's purty nearly night!

You feel a lonesome feelin' come,
Your heart beats sad—just like a drum
When some one's dead—an' there's a gloom
Around your house like it's a tomb.
You peep in through th' window, too,
An' all inside looks cold an' blue.
An' then there comes that awful dread—
Some one's been there an' killed her dead!

You think you smell th' flowers an' see
Those cards that say "In Sympathy."
Then you begin to think it's true
How awful good she was to you.
Oh, if she'd just unlock that door
You'd never sass her any more.
You'd never sit around an' pout
When ashes must be carried out.

Oh, there's a million things you'd do
If only she'd come back to you.
You'd leave th' cookies on th' shelf;
You'd wash behind your ears yourself.
You'd—Who's that comin' up th' street?
Whose footfall could be half as sweet?
It's her! Your mother, sweet an' good—
She's just been 'round th' neighborhood!

THE RUBBERNECKS

When I hear people fume an' fuss
About th' selfishness in us,
It's then I joy to p'int a case
Wherein this earth's a happy place.

Two little neighbor boys I know,
One of 'em's Crip, th' other's Joe.
Crip he's a cripple, as you'd guess,
But he don't peddle his distress.

Joe's just a reg'lar normal kid
Possessed of smiles he can't keep hid.
An' somehow, too, I've always found
Joe smiles th' most when Crip's around.

Crip's little legs is dead as ore,
But Joe says his is good as four,
An' so this happy, care-free pair
Goes gallivantin' everywhere.

They've got a old, discarded rig
Some baby's had that got too big.
They call it "Rubberneck" 'cause they
Do nothin' else th' livelong day.

Joe loads Crip up, then off they go
An' stop at ever' picture show
To see who's playin' there an' grin
At all th' folks a-goin' in.

They're never home—both out an' gone
Where there's excitement goin' on;
A fire, a fight, a dancin' bear—
Th' "Rubbernecks" is first ones there!

Why, I once heard a sergeant say
He'd bet that on th' Judgment Day,
When Heaven's gates was opened wide,
Them pals would be th' first inside!

POSTMASTER TREE

Of all our postmasters, I know you'll agree,
The queerest of all is old Postmaster Tree.

Way down by the Crossroads, in sun, rain and hail,
He gives out and gathers the neighborhood mail.

His sturdy old trunk holds the boxes storm-proof;
His widespreading boughs are the post-office roof.

He never is prying, in fact, I've heard said
Of thousands of postals, not one has he read!

Nobody complains that—of all faults the worst—
He gets your newspaper and then reads it first.

Still, somehow, I feel the old Postmaster knows
When he gives us gladness or adds to our woes.

I know his leaves giggle when Romance unlocks
And finds a sweet missive secure in his box.

Then, sometimes, he sighs when to Love he must
say:
"I'm sorry, my dear, but there's nothing to-day."

To some he brings treasure, to many their bills;
To all printed promise to cure human ills.

But, oh, the one letter that fills him with joy,
Begins with "Dear Mother" and ends with "Your
Boy!"

WHO SAYS WHEN IT'S MARBLE TIME?

Who says when it's marble time? Who pro-
claims the day
Boys should get their marbles out, then begin to
play?

Governors nor presidents never yet have said:
"Time to get your marbles out, Skinny, Smoke
and Red!"

Robins sometimes say that Spring now is here
to stay,
Then a blizzard comes along and they fly away.

Who tells boys that Spring is here? How are
they to know
We may not have weather yet twenty-three
below?

But, just let a sunny day linger hereabout,
Then, like magic, all the guys get their marbles out!

Yes, it's here! It's marble time everywhere in town;
All you hear is: "Git on taws!" "Hey, you, knuckle down!"

Then, another mystery holds me in its sway—
Who finds last year's marble bag? Who put it away?

Boys have fleeting memories—that all mothers know—
Boys can't find a hat or coat left an hour ago!

But, just let that mystic time—marble time—come 'round;
Somehow, somewhere, marble bags always can be found.

WHO SAYS WHEN IT'S MARBLE TIME?

Who says when it's marble time? How are boys
to know
We may not have weather yet twenty-three
below?

CHAWBERRY

Dink he's ist so big an' jolly!
Dink he say to me: "By golly,
You need sumfin' cool an' pleasant—
How'd you like to have a present
Of a bottle cold as ice is?
We should worry what the price is!"
I don't want to be contrary,
So I takes some pop—chawberry.

Dink ist laugh an' say it's funny
How I help him spend his money.
He say, too, us wimmen make him
Spend till we ist 'bout near break him.
Dink don't care if he ain't wealthy,
Long as little girls is healthy.
Still, he say, he can't help finkin'
I'll ist die th' way I'm drinkin'.

Dink say, too, I'm sure contrary
Way I all time take chawberry!
He say, why, he'll buy my fill o'
Lemon, grape or else banila,
If I'll drink it—well, I tried it,
But when it got down inside it
Didn't make me feel so very
Awful good—like ist chawberry!

Dink sometimes he gits me cryin
When he say he knows I'm dyin'
With my insides painted inkish
From chawberry bein' pinkish.
Still, he say, if I'm a-livin'
Easter time I'll git forgiven,
'Cause if I keep up my habit
I can dye eggs for th' rabbit!

THE TRADER IN DREAMS

You may know my old friend, The Trader in Dreams;
Perhaps he has shown you his wares and his schemes.
His shop is a park bench, his roof-top a tree,
His stock an odd lot only dream-eyes can see.

Just sit there beside him on some sunny day,
He'll sell you a Joy that he has on display.
He'll bring out a Hope, a sweet dream that endures,
And quickly convince you it ought to be yours.

Ask him for a Glum and he'll proudly declare
You'll find none of that in his stock anywhere.
In fact he will say, in a manner that cheers,
He's not had a Glum or a Grumble in years.

Ah, no! All his wares are of smiling design;
Just say: "Well, how's business?" He'll answer you: "Fine!"
And forthwith he'll bring to your fanciful view
Some wonderful Dreams that he knows will come true.

His wealth, he will tell you, is not sordid gold;
He treasures his soul, though his body is old.
He calculates Youth as still his till the day
His shop must be closed and his dreams fade away.

He thinks of To-morrow as his to enjoy—
Though Time may deny him, he'll dream he's a boy.
For he is quite certain To-morrows are sold
Without guarantee to the Young or the Old.

So there the Dream-trader sits, waiting for you
To swap him a Smile for a Day-dream or two,
But what I like most is his generous whim—
He wants all the world to be partner with him!

THE BUTTER-BREAD BANDIT

Like some bold bandit prince he came,
His eyes aflash, his soul aflame;
His raiment was of bandit style,
He wore a bandit's careless smile.

His swagger stride, 'twas plain to see,
Was born of practised tyranny;
His armament was crude enough,
And yet it bore a mighty bluff.

We harkened for his cold commands
To each of us to raise our hands;
Instead he passed—as grim as gore—
Then vanished through the kitchen door.

We listened—listened till we heard
His mother get the fatal word:
"You'd better git some butter-bread
Or peril lies upon your head!"

His mother called for help—but, no!
Not one of us would dare to go!
"You'd better feed the knave," we said.
"That bandit wants some butter-bread!"

The bandit laughed in fiendish glee,
He'd won his battle bloodlessly!
Then soon we saw him marching by,
A look of triumph in his eye.

Fast in his clutches he displayed
The profits of his daring raid.
Down on the steps he boldly sat,
A soul content and waxing fat.

How eagerly he downed each crumb;
He smacked his lips, he licked his thumb.
Then came a yawn—long, sweet and deep—
Our bold, bad bandit was asleep!

"IS 'AT SO?"

FULL many a fight has gone unfought,
And many a coffin's yet unbought
Because mere words sufficed to do
What bullets did at Waterloo.
Take Youth—how often Youth escapes
The dire effect of many scrapes
By using words in bandied flow
To halt a hard, impending blow:
"Is 'at so?"
"Yes, 'at's so!"
"Oh, is 'at so?"

With faces drawn in boyish wrath
Youth waits for Youth to cross its path.
Fists grip for fight, but fists don't fly
Till one has met the other's eye.

And so it is that words must do
The fighting neither's wanting to.
They stand at guard, with toe to toe,
But here's as far as they will go:
"Is 'at so?"
"Yes, 'at's so!"
"Oh, is 'at so?"

How peaceful this old world would be
If men showed such diplomacy!
Full many a tear would go unshed
If blows were made of words instead
Of bullets, guns and tools of war—
Tools humankind should e'er abhor!
Far better it would be to show
That words are all of war we know:
"Is 'at so?"
"Yes, 'at's so!"
"Oh, is 'at so?"

RIDIN' AROUND

THEY's some kids got their auto-beels,
An' some has skates an' some has wheels,
But they ain't got no old horse, Bill,
An' what's still more—they never will!

Ain't none o' them got Dads 'at goes
An' transfers things fer folks he knows;
Ain't none o' them 'at gits to see
Th' whole wide town th' same as me.

I bet their Dads don't never say:
"Well, Bud, you gonna 'long to-day?"
An' then they don't git up beside
Their Dad an' ist sit there an' ride!

I do—you betcha!—ever' day!
An' it's more fun than reg'lar play
'Cause I see things you never see
'Less you're along with Dad an' me.

We drive down alleys to th' stores
Where Dad loads boxes from their doors,
An' one day was a man 'at hit
His thumb fer nails—an' cussed at it!

An' we go down among th' trains
An' git in box cars when it rains;
Oh, yes, an' once was man give me
His pie because it don't agree.

An' sometimes mans they tease me so
I want to fight—but let 'em go.
An' sometimes, too, when I git mad
They pay me so's to git me glad.

Night comes along an' Dad an' me
Go home ist tired as we can be,
Then Mother says to us: "Gee whiz,
You're hardest workin' boys they is!"

THE RUNAWAY SHOES

Four big shoes came down the street,
Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!
Inside the shoes were four small feet,
Patter! Patter! Patter!
And then we heard the children say
They'd had an awful runaway—
Oh, they had had a merry day!
Chatter! Chatter! Chatter!

It all began when Mother said
Sadly! Sadly! Sadly!
She'd rather see her children dead,
Gladly! Gladly! Gladly!
Than have them go some other way
Than in their Dad's steps—day by day—
'Twould make her feel a deep dismay—
Badly! Badly! Badly!

The children thought, to fill Dad's shoes
Fully! Fully! Fully!
They'd find two pairs and take a cruise—
Bully! Bully! Bully!
But when they got inside to go
They found them filled with tickle-toe—
They had his hunting shoes, you know;
Woolly! Woolly! Woolly!

The children laughed in keen delight,
Merry! Merry! Merry!
Although the shoes had caused a fright—
Scary! Scary! Scary!
At first the shoes ran off, they say,
But all got home at close of day—
Glad Daddy trained his shoes that way;
Very! Very! Very!

PUNKINHEADS

I BETCHA I'm got Uncles home
'At's badder ones 'an yours,
My Muvver say she ist don't know
How my poor soul endures.
Uspecially on Hallowe'ens
I stand an' hold my breath,
'Cause nen my Uncles allus come
An' skeer me half to death.
But what I think most worst of all
An' makes me mad all through
Is when they make a punkinhead,
Nen says it looks like you.

They stand me up right by its side,
Nen says: "Now ain't 'at rich?—
We've got two punkinfaces here
An' can't tell which is which!"

Oh, they ist laugh an' holler, too,
'An' say they'll try an' see
If they can cut another face
'At don't resemble me.
But when they cut another one
My Muvver's bruvver Jim
He say: "Now ain't it ist too bad?—
This here one flatters him!"

Nen Uncle Curt he scratch his head
'An' say to us he guessed
Th' way to tell a punkinhead
Was make a bumpin' test.
Next thing he bumps my head an' nen
He bumps th' punkin's, too,
'An' say: "Well, ain't 'at terrible?—
Th' punkinhead is you!"
But 'fore I git a chanst to cry
They hug me in between
'An' make me laugh an' holler till
I'm glad it's Hallowe'en!

THE BOOKWORM

Dear little baby bookworm, deep in your storied
thrill;
How is my old friend Jack to-day, and did he
marry Jill?
Come now, let's have the gossip; give me some
news that cheers,
Tell me of dear old friends of mine I haven't
seen for years.

Tell me of Tom, the Piper's Son—the one who
stole the pig—
You say he's just the same to-day and never did
grow big?
And—yes, of course—Red Riding Hood! Has
she a red hood still?
Did Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater ever get his fill?

And then—let's see—the two old Spratts who never quarreled at meat—
I wonder if, as things now are, they get enough to eat?
Has Mother Hubbard's poor old dog yet found a friendly bone?
Is Little Jack Horner still in the corner eating his pie alone?

There's Old King Cole and—yes, oh yes!—
The Woman Who Lived in a Shoe;
Her children now must be grown up and have big families, too!
Tell me of all our good old friends—I'll thank you if you will—
I'm in my second childhood now and need a second thrill!

'AT GRANNY'S HOUSE

'At granny's house things somehow seem
Like they ain't real—all just a dream
Of days when Granny used to be
'Bout big as half as big as me.

We like to sit in Granny's door
An' hear what she calls "days of yore,"
Which Granny says was 'way back there
When sense was sense an' men was square.

Why, Granny says, one man back then,
If he was here, would be worth ten.
An' she says wimmen, too, could work
As hard as some now sit an' shirk.

She says to-day things don't endure;
Why, just look at th' furniture!
You ain't got rockers more'n a week
Till they break down er start to squeak.

Them days when folks got wed it stuck—
Judge didn't care who had bad luck.
'An' Granny says th' wimmens then
Got out o' bed 'fore half pas' ten.

Oh, Granny's mad th' way things is—
Girls ought to git th' rheumatiz!
'An' she can't stand th' way that they
Wear Sunday dresses every day!

'An' sausage now is all a sin
Th' way it's got th' cornmeal in;
'An' folks back then cooked fer theirselves
'An' don't git meals from grocery shelves.

Oh gee, but Granny's mad th' way
This world's turned out to be to-day.
Still, what I can't git through my head
Is why such good folks all is dead!

THE STREET SCALE

I AM The Street Scale—free to all!—
The thin, the thick, the great, the small;
The meek, the bold, the grave, the gay—
I tell them all how much they weigh.

Yet, when I tell them, it's a fright
The way they bawl: "Them scales ain't right!"
I'm either "over" or "below"—
But always wrong they all well know.

Miss Thin comes up and waits to be
A confidante, alone with me.
But I can't cheat—my hand goes 'round
And, heaven's sake!—she's lost a pound!

Then Mrs. Thick comes slyly up,
Takes off her furs and powders up.
She tries me out—my hand goes 'round
And, heaven's sake!—she's gained a pound!

Miss Thin declares it isn't true
That starches put a pound on you;
Says Mrs. Thick, the pyramid:
"That's what that blamed potato did!"

Yet, to their friends, I hear them say:
"Oh, I don't care how much I weigh.
It makes me tired how some folks stew
About their weight the way they do."

No, they don't care—but off they'll trot
And try a penny-in-the-slot;
They hope, somehow, the pay machine
Will lean the fat or fat the lean!

THE CREEK THAT RUNS THROUGH TOWN

Of all the things that Nature does,
In rambling up and down,
The oddest trait of all, I think,
Is bringing creeks to town.
A creek is of the country born,
By birthright fair and free,
And why it wants to come to town
Has always puzzled me.

But oftentimes we see one flow,
In dark and sullen tide,
Where beauty long has been forgot
And ugly things abide;
Where discards of the store and shop,
Of house and crowded inn,
Make what was once a pebbled way
A trough of battered tin.

Here lies a useless, broken stove;
    There drifts a baby's shoe;
Beneath the bridge a washboard's wreck,
    A cast-off tub or two.
The water lolls by empty cans,
    Plays tag along the shore
With broken bottles, broken toys,
    And derelicts galore.

I sometimes think a city creek
    Of country birth pretends
To do these ugly, common things
    For other happy ends.
In fact I think they come to town
    In sweet and friendly quest
For those of us who might be lured
    To where they're loveliest!

THE BARNYARD BAND

I'm got a Barnyard Band 'at plays
As good as reg'lar bands,
An' it can play all differnt ways
'Thout neither horns ner hands.

It's out in Gramma's chicken yard,
You know where Gramma's is;
'At's where we go when Pa's worked hard
Or got his rheumatiz.

Well, Gramma she's got chickens there,
An' geese an' guinea hens,
An' ducks an' turkeys ever' where,
An' pigs inside th' pens.

An' when ain't nothin' else to do,
Like eat an' things like that,
Nen's when I like to go down to
Where Gramma's poultry's at.

I always take some jam an' bread
Like it's all ist fer me,
Nen if them poultrys ain't been fed—
Well, you ist ought to see!

'At's when th' Band begins to play,
An' when I throw 'em crumbs,
They play their horns ist ever' way—
Woodpecker he's th' drums!

Pigs they're th' big bass horn, you bet,
An' roosters, when they crow
Are ever' one a clarinet,
Th' guineas—piccolo.

An' Gramma says she knows th' tune
My Band ist all time play;
She says 'at morning, night an' noon
It's always "Perfect Day!"

CLOUD-CHILDREN

I THINK of clouds as children of the sky;
They have their moods as children do—they cry,
They laugh, they romp, they roll and toss about—
One moment beautiful, then changing, sulk and
pout.

Sometimes, at morning, they come trooping in
Like children do—to beg that play begin!
Their fleecy garments, worn in care-free way,
Show well their mood to have a holiday.

They dance along the morning's open sky,
Play hide-and-seek with comrades passing by;
The friendly sun comes up to find them there,
And, beaming, makes their playground doubly
fair.

Yes, Clouds have moods as children do—from joy
They fly in reckless tantrum and destroy
Things that to them no simple harm has done—
The widow's house, or her last hope—her son!

I like the dreamy sunset clouds the best,
When they, day-weary, anchor in the west.
I think of them as something soft and warm,
Unskilled in all the banditry of storm.

And then, sometimes, the white clouds are a nook
The angels slip down into, just to look
Down in our hearts at closer range—a quest
To see which child of us is happiest!

NEIGHBORS

A RICKETY Rocking-chair swayed to and fro
In front of a Second-hand Store;
You could tell it was sad, for it wearily sighed:
"This I never have done before.
I once was a dweller in Well-to-do Street,
But when I grew wabbly and old
They put me out back of the kitchen and then—
Ah, then I was bartered and sold."

"I thought I knew you," the Baby's Chair said.
"You once were a neighbor of mine.
My babies grew up and—well, you understand—
What else could I do but resign?"
The Kitchen Stove laughed as old Pitcher and Bowl
Exclaimed: "We're the victims of Fate—
We, too, were discarded by neighbors of yours;
Antiques that are called out of date!"

'An old-fashioned Bedstead, with Bureau to match,
Near fractured its last able slat
In telling how all their relations had gone
To live in a Pullmanized flat.
The discards were cheering each other with jest
When, like a joy-beam from the sky,
A happy old darky came shambling along
To barter a while and to buy.

"Ah's done'n got married ag'in," he explained.
"Ah needs all dis stuff heah yo' got."
'And so, in a jiffy, the bargain was made—
The discards were bought in a lot.
"It's wonderful luck!" old Rocking-chair cried.
"It's wonderful luck we are in;
We ought to be happy the rest of our days—
We're now more than neighbors — we're kin!"

TANTALIZIN' DAYS

Heah come dem Tantalizin' Days,
Wif half-time sun an' half-time haze,
De kind dat wraps yo' in a maze
Ob Springtime dreams.
Yo' sit outside an' soak up sun
An' tell yo'se'f ole Wintah's done—
Dog-gone! Yo' fool thoughts even run
To catfish streams.

Yo' go to bed at night an' pray
De sun to-mor' shine lak to-day,
But w'en yo' wake—out dah dey lay—
Ole snow an' sleet!
Folks, 'tain' no use to growl an' pout,
De good Lawd knows whut He's about—
Des grab whut sunshine He gibs out
An' call it sweet!

THE PATIENT FRIEND

We speak of patience as a worthy trait,
So few of us have calm to watch and wait;
Instead with restless eye we scan the street
For some belated friend we'd come to meet.

We wander up and down, declaring then
That never would we watch and wait again.
Impatience! How it serves unhappy ends
To make tornado centers of our friends!

I feel a pity for myself to see
A dog out watching, waiting—patiently!
Sweet hope, and not rebuke, is in his eye
As closely he reviews each passer-by.

The hours that pass are but a simple crumb
Compared with that sweet morsel yet to come;
That stroke of head, that moment he'll extend
His paw to welcome you—his dearest friend!

That wagging tail—increasing in its beat
As feet familiar echo to him from the street;
Those beaming eyes that, somehow, seem to say
The wait was long—but one smile is his pay!

And how the ardor of the greeting grows
As through the door, up-stairs and down, he goes,
That shaggy head, caressing hand and knee
To show how glad a happy dog can be.

We speak of patience as a worthy trait,
So few of us have calm to watch and wait,
But I believe that on The Other Shore
Our dogs will be there—watching at the door!

HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE "OCTOBER"?

Have you been to see "October"?
Autumn's hue-gigantic show,
With its carnival of color
And its galaxy of glow?
Not a stage in all creation
Has an arch with nobler spans;
Where is there a sweeter chorus?
Where such cute comedians?

You don't have to wait for ushers
To escort you down the aisle;
There's no war tax or admission—
All you have to do is smile!
And the orchestra is waiting
For the audience to come;
In the woods the nuts are falling
Till they rattle like a drum.

Corn shocks make the stately chorus,
And they sing with all their might
When the wind goes whistling through them
Like a ballet dancer's flight.
As comedians the pumpkins
Are without a peer, you'll say,
For they loll there, fat and giggly,
Like a clown on circus day.

It's a great show, is "October,"
One all humankind should see;
So, come on! Let's seek the country!
Be a gallery god with me!
On a friendly fence or gate post
We will revel in its glow,
And be glad God made "October"
Such a joy-abundant show!

THE WAYFARER'S VALENTINE

The wayfarer longed for an old valentine,
One blessed with a sentiment memory-divine.
But where would he find it? Somewhere there must be
A friend with a thought for such roamers as he.

He journeyed along and soon came to a stop
In front of the door of a florist's gay shop.
He looked in the window, the wayfarer's shrine,
And there he beheld it—his dream valentine!

A vase filled with flowers of varying hue
Made Memory pass in a fragrant review.
He saw in the roses and violets gay
A girl of the past—of St. Valentine's Day!

It brought him a vision of Youth's golden hours
When he had made Love tell its story with flowers;
When some simple posy had gone on its way
To tell her the things that his tongue couldn't say.

The Wayfarer wondered just where she had gone,
The years had been many since Love's happy dawn.
So he said to himself, as he sauntered away,
He would send her a rose-thought on Valentine's Day!

THE DESERTED INN

To ME a graveyard seems a quiet Inn,
If name it bore 'twould be "The Travelers'
Rest";
Each stone I liken to the register,
Each grave the room of some abiding guest.

To-day, where once an Inn of many beds
Gave sweet repose to all who entered there,
I found the register—but broken stones
In careless piles—the rooms deserted, bare!

I walked among the stones and read the names,
All once familiar in the ways of life;
The Tapster, Tinker, Tanner, Poet, Judge—
Each with his suite for progeny and wife.

But whither have these peaceful dwellers gone?
The registers no longer mark their rooms,
For here the stones, in ugly, shattered mass,
Lie far removed from once tear-hallowed tombs.

Here Commerce, like some bold, intruding knave,
Has wrecked the Inn and left the record bare;
Its grassy carpets, once the keeper's pride,
Give heedless feet a daily thoroughfare.

Carved on the stones are sentiments of love,
One—"Gone, but not forgotten"—seemed to be
A cry as from some restless spirit host
To hold their Inn in sweeter sanctity.

And so I wonder what their fate will be
When this old world from its long labor rests;
How, when the hour of life's Glad Morning comes,
Shall the Archangel find his sleeping guests?

IN MEMORY'S GARDEN

When Mother walks among the trees
And in her garden, blossom-fair,
I fancy, somehow, that she sees
More than mere flowers blooming there.

Her dear old eyes take on a glow,
And on her face a smile-beam plays
As through her heart there seems to flow
Fond memories of other days.

The Johnny-jump-ups are to her
Old friends she knew in girlhood years,
As half-forgotten things recur
In blended bursts of smiles and tears.

Each Johnny's face, somehow, recalls
Another face she used to know
In playground haunts, in schoolroom halls,
Or where the daisies used to grow.

The tulips all are little tots
Parading 'round in Sunday dress;
Far prouder than forget-me-nots,
Which boast unrivaled loveliness.

The humble dandelion, too,
Is some towheaded neighbor boy;
The violets sweet girls in blue
Who made her play-days days of joy.

She touches each fair flower there,
Enshrines it as a holy thing;
She feels the warm breeze in her hair
And thanks God for another Spring!

LITTLE GRAY CHURCH IN THE CIRCLE

An Easter Thought of Christ Church

FLANKED by the walls that men have made
To meet the needs of men and trade,
You seem, in calm, sweet voice, to say:
"Come unto me! Come, rest and pray!"
Little Gray Church in the Circle.
For saint and sinner, churl and cad;
For young and old, the gay, the sad,
Your chiming bells, by day, by night,
Ring out the prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light!"
Little Gray Church in the Circle.

Though some may think all creeds are vain,
Doubt even God when racked with pain;
Your friendly portals breathe of peace
That makes all doubting quickly cease—
Little Gray Church in the Circle.

Your slender spire points to the sky
And thrills the vagrant passer-by.
It makes him feel a presence sweet
To cross your shadow in the street—
Little Gray Church in the Circle.

And now, when dawns the Eastertide,
Somehow you seem more glorified!
The green grass growing at your door
Proclaims the Springtime here once more—
Little Gray Church in the Circle.
The vines that trail your walls—reborn—
Are symbols of the Easter morn;
For He who slept awakened, too,
That old things might be changed to new—
Little Gray Church in the Circle.

THE FUNNY CAKES THE BAKER MAKES

THE FUNNY Cakes the Baker Makes
Are queer as they can be;
There's Circus Days an' Hallowe'ens
An' Christmases all three!

There's cakes for every holiday,
The Easter rabbit's one;
A hatchet, too, has been all baked
For old George Washington.

The Baker he makes A B C's,
Which I don't like so well,
'Cause grown-up peoples give you words
They don't know how to spell.

My fav'rite cakes is animals,
Like elephants an' bears,
Or cows an' sheeps an' guinea pigs
You see at county fairs.

'Course animals is funniest
Of all the cakes 'at's made;
You think it's truly Circus Day
When they go on parade.

Sometimes I play it's raining, too,
'An' all the world is dark;
Nen put 'em in our chiffonier
Like it was Noah's Ark.

The Funny Cakes the Baker Makes
Git me to laughing so
My Mother says some day I'll bu'st
'An' then turn into dough.

I wouldn't mind if I could be
A Baker's Cake—an' yet
Some bad kid might git hold o' me,
Nen—gosh!—I might git e't!

EMPTY JUG

Ever pack water fer thrashermen? Say,
Don't pick that job fer no glad holiday!
Thrashers could drink a whole ocean, I bet,
Then swear their whistles ain't even been wet.

You give a thrasher a full jug, an' then
All there's to do is go fill it again.
Once he can pucker his lips at th' hole,
He'll fill his pockets, his body an' soul.

Furder you git from th' well's coolin' brink
Seems like th' deeper them thrashermen drink.
Then they start hollerin'; "Boy! Water boy!
Where you git water at? West Illinoy?"

Start in at daylight an' you never quit
Till it's clean dinner-time—then as you sit
Eatin' an' weary th' thrashermen say:
"Where has that water boy been at all day?"

Seems like th' afternoon never will end,
Back gits so tired that it hardly won't bend,
Still they keep hollerin': "Jumpin' gee whiz!
Where you suppose old man Empty Jug is?"

Say, I'll bet Noah, with all of his flood,
Never could keep his feet out o' th' mud
If he was a water boy, tryin' in vain
To water a thrasher with forty days' rain!

EVE ETERNAL

SWEET eve eternal! Wondrous night!
Aglow with songs and candle-light;
Aglow with dreams and mystic spells
Of Santa Claus and Christmas bells!

Oh, let my dreams of Youth run free!
Glad Christmas Eves, come back to me!
Change me to child! Let me once more
Go nightie-clad to Dreamland's door.

It can not be! So, Yule-beguiled,
I'll wish joy to some other child.
My thoughts will follow up the stairs,
Some baby, to its Christmas prayers.

Its prayers will be for everything—
Far more than Santa Claus could bring;
But what are prayers if they must be
Of limit in gratuity?

Make Santa's Christmas pack so great
He'll fairly groan beneath the weight.
'Twill do no harm—so have no fear—
He only works one night a year!

May every prayer that's breathed to-night
Be answered ere the dawn of light.
May every heart, however sad,
Find stockings filled with Loads of Glad!

THE FREE SHOW

THEY is folks that git enjoyment
Out of underground employment,
An' they's some that like explorin' in th' sky,
But th' fellers, I'm confessin',
I can't measure as a blessin'
Is th' window demonstrators for th' folks a-passin' by.

Yes, I know I like to see 'em,
But I wouldn't like to be 'em,
Showin' how to sew on buttons, 'thout needle or a thread.
They just stand there, meek as Moses,
Goin' through their silent poses
With some new electric door-knob or tonic for your head.

Folks, somehow, I keep on wishin',
For th' old free exhibition
Like they used to have on Saturdays around th' public square.
What I want's th' old Professor,
Diamond-decked an' dandy dresser,
With his liniment an' music an' dancin', prancin' pair.

I can smell his torch a-burnin',
I can see th' crowd a-churnin',
While he raked in easy dollars—a basketful or more!
I can hear th' banjoes ringin',
I can hear his minstrels singin'
'Bout Nelly Gray departin' from th' old Kentucky shore.

Yes, I know th' demonstrator
Gives a show that's up-to-dater,
But he sends no music waftin' across th' evenin' air.

What I want's th' old Professor,
Diamond-decked and dandy dresser,
With his liniment an' music an' dancin', prancin'
pair.

IF EVERYTHING WENT JUST SO

If everything went just so! Ah, me,
What a wonder-world this world would be;
Nothing to do but grin and agree—
If everything went just so.
No use for lawyers or scrolls of law,
No court-house stairway to climb in awe;
No one would care what we heard or saw—
If everything went just so.

Taxes would never be hard to pay,
First-of-the-month would be just a day;
Debts would be luxuries laughed away—
If everything went just so.
Chickens would never scratch neighbors' yards,
Children of neighbors would all be pards;
No one would lose at Life's game of cards—
If everything went just so.

Have family dinners and all be there,
Each bring a smile and have smiles to spare;
Start with a song and close with a prayer—
If everything went just so.
Clothes-lines would never have falling props,
Windows would never be smashed by tops;
Nobody ever would call the cops—
If everything went just so.

Doctors and nurses we would not need,
"Say it with flowers" would be our creed;
We'd step on the gas and all show speed—
If everything went just so.
Never a worry and never a sob,
Never an argument, never a mob;
But, oh, the folks who'd be out of a job—
If everything went just so!

A WAYSIDE WORLD

I CAME upon a little world to-day,
A world wherein true happiness held sway;
Where Wind and Sun and Morning Dew, a-drip,
Bound all about in Summer comradeship.

A byroad to some Lower Forty led
Far from the pike, where mighty motors sped;
No sound came forth to break the morning's still,
Save one glad lark, rehearsing on a hill.

Oh, what a world it was, for here I saw
No hint of hate, no monitor of law;
No preacher-voice was crying out: "Repent!"
It was a world rose-fragrant with content.

An old rail fence, half sunlit, half in shade,
Was mother-knee 'round which wild roses played.
Ambitious vines, like children at a game,
Were rival climbers to the heights of fame.

Toad winked at toad and Mister Lizard's sheen
Was hard to scan against the grasses' green.
Two rabbits scampered from their brush-abode
And played at derby-horse along the road.

A dog, still limping from the Winter's chase,
Jogged down the dust with slow, uncaring pace.
His presence gained no welcoming from me;
The charm was lost—so was my reverie!

I knew that now some man or boy must bring
My new world to an end—wreck everything!
For humankind, somehow, is out of scheme
With Nature's joy—an Idler's woodland dream!

"Nice day!" I heard a passing voice declare.
"Nice day!" my own half-muttered to the air.
"Nice day!" he piped, unmindful of my scorn.
"It's gold for me! So mighty good for corn!"

THE VANISHED FORUM

Somehow I can't git anchored
In th' sea of modern ways:
My memory keeps on driftin'
To'rd th' beach of other days.
Now there's th' old post-office—
Oh, I want it back ag'in
With that glad-to-see-ye spirit
Of th' neighbors droppin' in.

No one denies it's handy
Havin' mail right at yer door,
But that don't settle questions
Like we settled 'em before.
A mail box at th' crossroads
Is a blessin', 'thout a doubt,
But it can't stand an' argy
P'ints yer wantin' argied out.

Th' old post-office lobby
Was a lively place to be,
When some one started somethin'
An' nobody could agree.
There was politics, religion;
Subjects, too, of world-wide note,
An' we'd stand 'bout fifty-fifty
If they'd put it to a vote.

Sometimes I git to thinkin',
With th' old post-office back,
Th' boys we send to Congress
Might git on a clearer track.
That old post-office lobby,
Though they'd put it on the shelf,
Struck me, in p'int of wisdom,
Like a Congress in itself!

BREAKIN' IN

Of all th' griefs there is, I bet,
That fills a guy with sad regret,
It's when your folks pack up some day
An' take their things an' move away.

Big folks, somehow, don't seem to mind
A-leavin' good old pals behind,
'Cause if they did they wouldn't do
No movin' ever' week or two.

Gee, ain't it tough to go an' make
New gang friends just fer movin's sake?
I don't believe there's nothin' worse
Outside o' ridin' in a hearse.

You don't no more than git moved in
Till kids that live near by begin
A-snoopin' 'round to slip a bluff
An' make you think they're awful tough.

"Hello there, Willie!" they ixclaim,
But they don't know that ain't your name.
An' then they poke at you an' laugh
To see if you're a "cowardy calf."

Next thing they say: "Oh say, gee whiz,
That poor guy's got th' rheumatiz.
If he ain't dead he's purty near
An' we don't want no corpses here."

Well, gee, there's nothin' else to do
But haul right off an' bu'st a few,
Then you belong—you're tooken in
Until your blamed folks move ag'in.

THE LOG OF THE LIMPY LOU

SHE's a four-lung craft
Jammed for'ud an' aft
With th' junk of a care-free crew,
An' th' sea she sails
Is th' far-flung trails
An' we calls her th' Limpy Lou.

Lou wuzn't designed
Fer no folks refined,
An' she ain't got no racing fame;
Her old tires go flat
An' she limps from that,
But she gits us there just th' same.

She's pal to us three—
Wife, Kiddie an' me—
An' she don't care how fur we roam;
Lou seems to surmise
We're vagabond guys
With nothin' but her fer a home.

Through city an' town,
Up hill an' then down,
We jog on our gypsyin' way;
Just goin' No-where
An' when we git there
Perhaps we may like it an' stay.

An', oh, it's a treat
When time comes to eat,
Th' bacon's all crispy an' brown;
There's beans in th' pot,
Th' coffee's all hot—
It ain't that sweet flavored in town.

We tumble, kerplunk,
In a tree-roofed bunk
An' sleep till th' break o' th' dawn,
Then old Limpy Lou
Takes on her glad crew,
Slips out to th' road—an' we're gone!

LITTLE MISTER FIXER MAN

Little Mister Fixer Man
Fixes everything he can;
In his overalls of blue
He goes seeking things to do.
Hammers, wrenches, planes and saws—
All the tools that are his Pa's—
Have to put in mighty licks
When that boy has things to fix.

Little Mister Fixer Man
Fills the family frying pan
With a lot of screws and nails,
Then starts in to fill the pails!
Oh, it takes a lot of stuff
Ere The Fixer has enough
To repair the woodshed lock
Or the old Seth Thomas clock.

LITTLE MISTER FIXER MAN

Little Mister Fixer Man
Has his own wage-earning plan;
When the cookie jar won't pay
He won't do a lick that day!
But, if it is full, then he
Labors on most zealously.
His pay must be "in advance"—
Fixer never takes a chance.

Little Mister Fixer Man
Fixes everything he can;
Fixes things quite frequently
Just the way they should not be.
Still, who cares to count the cost?
He's worth more than all that's lost.
It's worth all to hear him say:
"Gee, I'm tired! I've worked to-day!"

THE TREE NOBODY BOUGHT

When Christmas, crowned with happiness,
Goes down its ancient way
To anchor in the memory-mists
Of Sweet-forever Bay,
Just one dark thought it leaves behind,
To me with sadness fraught;
It is that little, lonesome thing—
The Tree Nobody Bought!

I don't feel so about a toy,
A doll, a train or drum;
They live for other Christmases—
The happy ones to come.
Not so with this year's Christmas Tree,
But once it serves the cause
Of gladdening sweet babyhood
And good old Santa Claus.

How doubly tragic is the fate
Of trees that never know
The gladness of a Christmas morn
With candles all aglow.
I speak for those that lie unclaimed
Along the thoroughfare
When Santa Claus has come and gone
And still they linger there.

Poor little things! How desolate,
How friendless they appear;
They who had come from distant hills
To spread their gladness here.
Still, I believe that trees have souls
And in some other clime
They'll get to be what they most wished—
A Christmas Tree—some time!

SAID THE TRAFFIC COP, SMILINGLY

Yes, of course, it's all a nuisance,
Traffic rules are pests, I know;
I'd be glad, if I were Captain,
Just to wink and let you go.
But I'm not—I'm just a hireling
With my weary rounds to trudge.
It's all right with me—but, brother—
Better go and see the Judge.

How's that, madam? Ain't it awful?
You just drove your car down-town,
Then dropped in to buy a bonnet
And a simple little gown?
In the store just twenty minutes?
Ain't time awful in its flight?
See the Judge to-morrow morning;
Nice young fellow—he's all right.

Oh, your watch stopped? Ain't that madd'ning?
Mine stopped, too, the other day,
Nearly made me late to roll call;
Guess I'll give the thing away.
Tell the Judge just how it happened;
Judge is nice—he'll understand.
Tell him you were three hours over—
Blame it on the minute hand.

Wife forgot to telephone you
Where she'd parked the car?—well, say,
Ain't that like forgetful women?
Don't they do things just that way?
Well, let's see, how can we fix it?
Say, I'll tell you what to do—
See the Judge to-morrow morning;
He won't do a thing to you.

THE LITTLE THING CALLED "GOOD MORNING"

It lives in a cheer-niche somewhere in The Soul,
Just give it a start, then away it will roll,
And all it will take is a smile for its toll—
The little thing called "Good Morning!"
There's something about it of magical skill,
It goes to the mine pit and up to the mill;
Gives dimples to Mary and chuckles to Bill—
The little thing called "Good Morning!"

Of course there are places, I'm sorry to say,
Where that merry minstrel has never held sway;
The whistle just blows, then they start on the day
And nobody says: "Good Morning!"
Like slaves in the galleys they take up the grind,
Pass elbow to elbow as though they were blind;
Leave love in the lockers and call life unkind—
Where nobody says: "Good Morning!"

But oh, there are places I joy to go in!
Where little "Good Morning!" arrives with a grin
And makes all the toilers of workaday kin—
The shop where they say: "Good Morning!"
I've known it to win the most arrogant boss,
Bring joy to a job long condemned as a cross;
Oil all the machinery, make profit of loss—
That little soul-song: "Good Morning!"

THE KITCHEN PUMP

'Course city fellers gits to have a lot o' things
to eat,
Like lickrish drops an' sody pops an' mutton
chops fer meat.
But I've got somethin' here at home—out where
th' country is—
That beats their 'ristocratic stuff an' ornamental
fizz.
It's water—just pure water—but it's mighty
plain to see
There ain't no better pardners than th' kitchen
pump an' me.
We love each other dearer than a lot of kinfolks
do,
Which you can't grasp or understand—our pump
ain't kin to you!

It stands 'long side th' kitchen where th' shadows
loll around
To keep th' old pump company an' cool th'
fevered ground.
An' when I've been a-playin' hard an' want to stop
an' rest,
Then's when I love th' water from th' kitchen
pump th' best.
It seems to feel in duty bound, when I'm all tired
an' hot,
To reach clear to th' bottom fer th' coolest drink
it's got.
An' that's what I call pardnership—th' old pump
seems to grin
Each time I empty out th' cup an' fill it up ag'in.

An' lots o' times when we're alone—if no one's
here that day—
Th' kitchen pump an' me has games we both two
like to play.
We 'tend th' pump's a fountain where they's sody
water at,
With mead an' sassfarilla an' a lot of things like
that.

Then I make 'maginations like I'm rich as rich can be
An' order drinks till I can't hold no more inside of me.
'Course I can make the old pump give just what I want it to,
But I say: "Gimme shoc'late!"—just like city tellers do!

A MIGRANT MELODY

THERE came from an alley and into the street
The haunting refrain of a melody sweet;
A whistling street-urchin had carried it down
From his gallery throne to a turbulent town.
The song had a thrill in its every note;
It sweetened the lips and it gladdened the throat;
It danced on its way from the happy boy's heart
To Sicily Joe of the strawberry-cart.
Joe gathered it up with a welcoming zeal
And shared it with Tim at the taxicab's wheel;
Tim carried it on till he came to a stop,
Then whistled the tune for a boulevard cop.
The boulevard cop found the turnkey alone
And sang him the melody over the phone;
The turnkey, good fellow, in whose heart yet dwells
God's pity, soon sent it down into the cells.

The prisoners took cheer in the melody sweet
And out through the bars it went back to the street;
The boy who had first sent the song on its way
Said: "Funny, that's twice I have heard that to-day!"
And so, while the song again played on his lips,
He met some seafaring men bound for their ships;
He gave it to them, and they carried it on—
Well, nobody knows just how far it has gone!
Which all goes to prove that when God would spread joy,
He finds He can always depend on a boy!

THE GLORIOUS FIRST

I HEARD a new voice in the street to-day,
One I never had heard before;
It came to me, shrill as a piper's note,
Then died in the traffic's roar.

'Twas the voice of a boy—a voice new-born
To the rush and din of the world;
He was taking his place, with shrinking heart,
Where the banner of Gain's unfurled.

He snugged up close to the alley wall,
As a child to its mother clings;
He made me think of a bird gone forth
On the first free test of its wings.

I saw him enter the crowded street,
Then halt—and I know that I smiled
As he opened his mouth and out of it came
A cry, terrorizingly wild.

It startled him more than any who heard,
I paused to encourage the tot.
"That's right—go to it, old boy!" I said.
"Give them all of the yell you've got!"

His boy face gladdened as pennies I held
Were garnered with uttermost glee.
He shouted again—and again!—and again!
He had sold his first paper, you see.

And oh, what a moment that is to a boy!
It ends all his fears and regrets;
Though ten million papers were sold—in his heart
That first one he never forgets!

SECOND-HAND HOSSES

You merchants with your motors,
Your swell, upholstered toters
Of human bein's lookin' for a thrill;
Don't laugh at us, you fellers,
You second-hand car sellers—
Old Traders' Alley's doin' business still.
While you're bewailin' losses
We're still a-swappin' hosses—
Yes, call 'em second-handed if you will.

Our nags don't never tarnish,
Fall down an' scratch their varnish—
They may fall down, but they git up ag'in!
We don't stand 'round an' twaddle
Of wheel-base, tires or model—
Th' way you fellers thrill 'em is a sin.
We just look at their molars,
See if they're easy strollers—
If they can walk—then may th' best man win!

Bill says: "How much you gimme?"
I say, "Now don't you trim me!"
We laugh an' swap an' swear each other's stung.
Th' nag may be a blower,
A kicker or a thrower,
Have half of one per cent. of one good lung.
Still, class can't be demanded
Of hosses second-handed—
A ringer ain't a ringer till it's rung!

A little oats or clover
May make a hoss all over—
No motor-car gits fat on gasoline.
It's then you make your killin',
Swap off your Patch or Dillon—
Th' guys all wonder where you got th' queen.
Git two good hosses for her,
An' then—Oh, holy horror!
For boot you git a second-hand machine!

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS SHOP

Yes, I hear you, Miss Jolly-go-romp,
Calling to me to come:
"Look at the wonderful Jack-in-box
And oh, what a dandy drum!
See all the beautiful Chinese dolls,
And yonder's a dancing bear!
There's nothing like it in all the world;
There couldn't be—anywhere!"

Your eyes are bright, Miss Jolly-go-romp;
It's thrilling, I can't deny,
But you should have seen the Christmas shop
I knew in the days gone by.
'Twas not so large, Miss Jolly-go-romp,
As the toyshops are to-day,
But oh, it was more mys-ter-i-ous,
The colors were far more gay!

And the Toyship Man, Miss Jolly-go-romp,
What a quizzical way he had;
He knew all the children for miles around,
Could tell all the good from bad.
But what was the queerest of all to me
Was how he could tell, some way,
The things you wanted old Santa to bring
To your house Christmas Day.

Let's you and I, Miss Jolly-go-romp,
Play I am the Toyshop Man,
While you—well, you're Miss Jolly-go-romp
With many a secret plan.
And the secrets—oh, they mustn't get out!—
They're sacred as troth could be,
But, being the Toyshop Man, of course,
You whis-s-s-per them all to me!

HYMN-SINGIN' JIM

Co'se Ah ain' des ezzackly whut yo'd call de
shoutin' kin'
Dat gits so dog-gone 'ligious Ah completely lose
ma min'.
Huh-uh! Not me! But, folks, Ah know ma
soul ain' gwine to be
In whut de high-tone' preachahs call de clutch ob
jeopahdy.
Ah's got ma own 'uligion an' it's full ob lub fo'
Him
Dat gibs dis worl' sech 'vangelists as ole Hymn-
singin' Jim.

No, Jim ain' ole in age—he's young!—but it do
seem to me
De songs he sings hab trabeled down from all
eternity.

He des strums up dat ole guitah an', Sunday
aftahnoon,
Gits out dah on de ole back po'ch an' ripples up
a tune.
It ain' no giddy ragtime stuff—dey's no sech
thing in Jim—
But dah, in tones as sof' as prayer, he croons a
gospel hymn.

Fus' come ole "Rock ob Ages" an' Ah see de
stohm waves toss
Dat po' white angel clingin' to de ransom ob de
Cross.
Oh, Ah listen, listen, listen, wif ma haid bowed
lak to pray,
Till ma crowdin' woes an' worries gits afraid an'
goes away.
Den Ah ketch mase'f a-smilin' when ole Jim strak
up de song:
"If Yo's Gwine to Glory, Brothahs, Come an'
Take Ma Soul Along."

Den de good ole "Jesus Lovah" comes a-waftin' sof' an' low
Till Ah 'magine Gabr'el's trumpet gittin' ready fo' to blow.
Let it blow—Ah's ready, brothahs!—but de trufe Ah doan' deny—
Dey's got to be good music if dey keep me glad on High.
Dey's got to be some singin' by de angel seraphim
If dey crowd me full o' 'ligion same as ole Hymn-singin' Jim.

WHEN TH' FIREMENS COME

Ain't nobody ever wuz
Gits me mad as firemens does;
When your house is burnin' they
Act like it's a holiday,
But when some one else's burns,
'Fore a person hardly turns
The alarm in—why, they're there
Squirtin' worter everywhere!

I know what I'm talkin' 'bout—
They once put my own house out!
Say, them firemens, seemed to me,
Played a game of cards to see
If they'd come or if they'd not—
When they did 'twuz in a trot!
Still, my neighbors—every one—
Said they made a purty run.

What got me th' worst wuz when
One went up th' ladder, then
Turned around an' said he s'pose
He would have to have some hose.
Never seemed to care a dern
If th' dog-gone house did burn,
Still, he got some hose, I guess—
Loss wuz small, I must confess.

On th' other hand I've been
Where a fire alarm wuz in
An' I wondered, as it were,
If 'twould be spectaculer.
Then they got there—seemed to me—
'Fore a cat could climb a tree.
Makes a difference, I've no doubt,
Just whose house they're puttin' out!

PUPS AND A BOY

Some folks likes to go an' see
Circus shows—but as fer me
Git some pups, then find a boy
An' I'll git my share of joy!

Pups theirselves, when they're alone,
Makes a circus all their own;
Then just add a boy—an' gee!
They're a whole menagerie!

Boy he'll kind o' make p'tend
He's their only livin' friend;
Then, first thing you know, he'll ist
Give their tails a little twist.

Holler! Gosh, but they'll git sore,
Then come back to git some more.
I've seen pups put up a bluff
Like they'd never had enough.

Boy he'll chase 'em all about
Till their tongues is hangin' out;
Ketch 'em where their necks is slack,
Then—kerflop!—they're on their back!

Oh, they'll snarl an' fume an' fuss
Till you'd swear you heard 'em cuss;
Then they'll sneak away an' quit
Like they'd got th' worst of it.

Boy, all tired, thinks he has won,
But them pups ain't never done;
They just wait to ketch his grin,
Then hop up an' start ag'in!

THE GIGGLEBUG

WHEN Patricia giggles! Goodness, what a mess
She can make of discontent and unhappiness!
Once we see her baby grin broaden to a smile,
Then we know the Gigglebug's coming after while.

There's no calculating when Gigglebug will come—
He may lurk behind a crook in her little thumb.
But we fancy his abode is the looking-glass
Where he lingers every day hoping she will pass.

All at once the mirror glows with a baby face,
One she, somehow, can't recall seeing 'round the place.
So she ponders anxiously on the face unknown,
Till at last it stands revealed as her very own!

Then the giggles start to come! Gone is every frown
As she perches on a chair, playing circus clown.
Then the little minx pretends she's a one-eyed elf
Hiding in the looking-glass winking at herself!

Next she twists her baby face into funny forms,
Till the giggles fairly grow into giggle-storms.
There's no pausing after that—everything she sees
Tickles her until she falls, giggling, to her knees.

Now she rolls upon the floor, kicking heels in air,
Laughing at the funny things 'round her everywhere.
There's a black spot on her nose—funny as can be!—
There's a funny bird outside in a funny tree!

Oh, you funny Gigglebug! What a joy you are,
Lurking even in the depths of the cookie jar!
Yet, we say, most comical of all the things you do,
Is, when Patricia giggles—we get the giggles too!

THE MOODS OF WINTER

Of all the seasons, Winter seems to me
More temperamental than the other three.
I've seen him strike the old a chilling blow,
Then turn and paint a heart-alluring glow
On maiden faces—make them seem to be
The happy heralds of his artistry.

But Winter's mood is never half as sweet
As when he brings Boy-Worship to his feet.
Ah, then it is he lets the grumblers groan,
The churls lament, the cynics chill and moan.
Old Winter laughs and from the sky o'erhead
Brings down white pathways for a waiting sled.

I've witnessed Winter spread his snowy sheet
Alike in country lane and city street;
I've heard him roar his far-resounding call
To Youth to come and glory in it all.
Glad Youth! What joy indeed it is to be
Play-comrade to a comrade such as he!

Sometimes, in fancy, I hear Winter say
A smiling boy is more than double pay
For all the adult wailings he must bear
When pleas for snow rule Boyhood's nightly prayer.
So, Winter, laugh and from the sky o'erhead
Bring down white pathways for a waiting sled.

DOCTOR GRIN

Dah he is! Ole Doctoh Grin,
Dosin' me wif smiles ag'in!
Blamedest thing yo' evah see,
Way dat young'un doses me.

Seem lak he lays traps to ketch
Me a-feelin' lak a wretch,
Den—black magic!—dah he is,
Showin' me dem teeth o' his!

Ah doan' min', yo' undahstan',
Allus feelin' good an' gran',
Still, same time, dey's days dat come
When yo' joys in feelin' glum.

Yes suh, days of languid mood
When yo' craves des solitude;
Days yo' wants to hab de blues
Till yo's glum clean to yo' shoes.

But, it happens evah time,
When Ah's lollin' in de grime,
'Long comes Doctoh Grin—an' law!—
Yo' mus' laugh er bus' yo' jaw!

No, it ain' what ole Doc say
Drives de pollywogs away,
It's de—dah he is ag'in!
Gimme room—Ah's got t' grin!

THE PASSING OF THE COMIC

Times keep changing, changing, changing as the years go rolling by,
Some one's always disarranging things we cherished—you and I.
There's the valentine, for instance—yes, the comic ones of old—
In the shops they'll smile and tell you: "Comics aren't being sold!"
Yes, they're banished from the counter of the little corner store
Since they don't have old-maid teachers at the schoolhouse any more.

You remember, 'way back yonder, in our days of Youth and Song,
How we waited for Saint Valentine to help us right a wrong.

Teachers then were old and crusty, tired of life
and all its joy;
Two events alone gave pleasure—pay-day and
an erring boy!
Valentines? Of course they got them! Love
now settles every score,
Since they don't have old-maid teachers at the
schoolhouse any more.

You remember, I remember, how the teacher
looked at us;
How each thought he heard her saying:
"There's the guilty little cuss!"
And you knew, down deep within you, that you
really, truly were
The one who sent the valentine marked "Teacher
Dear" to her.
Pal, to-day you'd send the sender sprawling
through the open door,
Since they don't have old-maid teachers at the
schoolhouse any more.

Yes, the market's closed to comics—dainty ones
are all you'll get—
It's a sweet distinction, Buddy, to be called the
teacher's pet.
Love abides where once was hatred, smiles long
since have banished tears,
Proving well my declaration that we live in
changing years.
Valentines to-day are bonbons—roses—violets,
galore—
Since they don't have old-maid teachers at the
schoolhouse any more.

BLUE SMOKE

When I am all town-tired and weary,
All tired hearing people complain,
All tired of the rush and the hurry
That goes with the battle for gain;
When I need scenes quiet and restful,
And Autumn has come with its chill,
I pack myself up for consignment
To Blue Smoke, down under the hill.

Blue Smoke, let me say, is a cabin
Where humble folk happily dwell;
They haven't great harvests to gather,
They haven't great harvests to sell.
And yet they are blessed with God's plenty—
Enough!—and a fullness of love
That seems to burst forth when the chimney
Sends blue smoke parading above!

I joy just to sit on the hillside
And banish all city-born woe,
As smoke clouds go swirling and curling
From that little cabin below.
I picture a great backlog burning,
I fancy the sparks, in their joy,
Are dancing a jig that is whistled
Or sung by some glad girl and boy.

So, when I'm all town-tired and weary,
All tired hearing people complain;
All tired of the rush and the hurry
That goes with the battle for gain;
When I need scenes quiet and restful,
And Autumn has come with its chill,
I pack myself up for consignment
To Blue Smoke, down under the hill!

AT MONTICELLO DAM

I'm not th' kind of feller that persistently pursues
His friends an' neighbors with a flood of creeds
an' cults an' views.
My scheme of livin's broad enough to let us all
git in
With talk about th' things we've done an' places
we have been.
Of course my range of travel ain't as fur as old
Siam
But, say—I have been fishin' up at Monticello
dam!

It's on th' good old Tippecanoe an' let me here
declare
Earth boasts no stream ner ocean any sweeter
anywhere.

Seems like it just comes laughin' down from up
'bove Winamac,
Then hits old Monticello dam, jumps up an'
bounces back.
Next thing you know it's rompin' 'round th' edge
er oozin' through
Th' planks so's it can demonstrate its very love
fer you.

They's lots of folks, of course, with yachts an'
mansions by the sea,
But they don't know my river an' they've never
fished with me.
They've never had that feelin' of devotion fer a
joy
That kind o' merges manhood with th' day-
dreams of a boy.
It's here at Monticello dam I know th' pure
delight
Of bein' crazy-happy—but th' fish have got to
bite.

THE PIPE OF PEACE

THEY'S times at comes to every kid when he ain't
crowned with joy;
When he don't care if he's his Ma's or some one
else's boy.
He wouldn't mind if he was dead an' buried 'way
down deep,
Fer then his pain would all be gone an' he could
git some sleep.

Still, there's one time when havin' pain don't
seem so hard to bear;
Like me, when I've got earache an' old Uncle Jim
is there.
Say, he beats all th' doctors you could mention,
purty near,
When he sits down with his old pipe an' blows
smoke in my ear.

It's all so mild an' soothin' that your ear will soon
fergit
Th' sweet oil an' the cotton that your Mother
stuffed in it.
Th' smoke clouds kind o' linger with a breath so
coolin' hot
They seem to ooze right through your ear an'
—well, just hit th' spot!

A drowsy feelin' gits you as th' hurt all disap-
pears,
An' somethin' happy—not th' smoke—fills both
your eyes with tears.
Why, if the angels Up Above should git th' ear-
ache, too,
They ought to send fer Uncle Jim—that's what
they ought to do!

WHAT THE TOYMAKER THINKS

I WONDER just what the Toymaker thinks,
As he sits by his fire and nods and blinks
At the close of day, when his toil is done
And he dreams and rests till another sun.

I wonder if he, as he sits and rocks,
Gives ever a thought to Jack-in-the-box;
To drums or horns, or the simplest toy
That gave him a thrill when he was a boy.

All day, in his shop, he has rushed about
To get his orders from Santa Claus out.
And how well he knew he must get them done
Or there would be tears where there should be fun.

So I always wonder just what he thinks
As he sits by his fire and nods and blinks.
Does ever the wish find way to his heart
That children would tire of his magic art?

Just think what a gloomy old world 'twould be
If Santa's toymakers should ever agree
To leave off their work and scurry away,
Or go on a strike for an eight-hour day!

It just couldn't happen! It never has yet,
So why need we worry and fear and fret?
For centuries past each toymaker born
Has had a glad part in some Christmas Morn.

I've even been told they take a great pride
In helping old Santa get ready to ride.
And what I like best—they tell me they hear
The children are all growing "gooder" each year!

THE "MAKIN'S"

THERE's lots o' sly nudgin' an' noddin'
Broke loose in Our Town, let me say,
Since Prohis have made a Sahara
Of "Kelly's Place—Bar and Café."
Th' Prohis stand 'round, kind o' grinnin',
A-boastin' th' good they have done,
But they don't know all that's a-happ'nin'—
They're not havin' all o' th' fun!

You see—keep this dark—it's a secret—
Most ev'ry good feller you meet
Knows some one who knows of a feller
Who has a good "makin's" receipt.
For instance, Bun Grubbs told Bill Birdlow
A drummer he'd met out in Nome
Had sent him a formula—whisper!—
For makin' it right in your home.

Yes, sir, he told Bunny th' secret,
An' Bunny told Bill, don't you see?
An' Bill—not one bone in him's selfish—
Snuck 'round here an' told it to me.
There's somethin' you buy at th' drug store
An' mix it all up in a jar,
Then slip in some yeast an'—they tell me
It's good as you'd buy at a bar.

No, I ain't done none o' th' brewin',
There's nobody tried it as yet;
We just have th' word that it's soothin'
An' makes you forgive an' forget.
An' then there's Red Coogan's concoction;
Red says there's a feller he knows
Puts raisins in somethin' an'—Red says—
It tickles clear down to your toes.

An' Snipe Turby knows of a method
That's easy as watchin' it rain—
A mixture of corn an' sweet cider
That looks like it might be champagne.

It all sounds seductive—allurin'—
But deep in my bosom there lurks
Th' Shadow of Doubt—so I'm waitin'
Till somebody proves that it works!

THE BELOVED FAT MAN

That "Nobody loves a fat man" conveys quite
a wrong impression;
There's one that I know whose jovial glow makes
him a world possession.
He's loved in Alaska, in France, Athabasca; in
Panama, Cuba and Rome;
He has friends in Dakota, New York, Min-
nesota—and, oh, what a throng here
at home!

His lovable smile has warmed multiplied hearts
in tropical habitations;
He has tickled papooses in circus cabooses and
off in remote reservations.
He has gone over mountains, through deserts, by
fountains and into the deepest dells;
This most wonderful wizard has battled a bliz-
zard to find where one baby dwells.

His musical name is as tunefully sweet as anything operatic;
The chime of his bells in their rhythmical swells is truly a joy ecstatic.
He goes singing his way from dark until day—perhaps that is why he is fat!
For a man with a song stays sturdy and strong—have you ever yet pondered that?

Old Santa Claus—bless his jovial heart—is flooded with world-devotion;
He is loved in the hills and down by the mills and over the widespread ocean.
But what mystifies me is the skill with which he goes down every chimney he knows;
Goes down with his pack and then scurries back without any soot on his nose!

THE INDISPENSABLE DOBBIN

Laugh if you will, oh, Motor Clan,
Then halt your laugh where it began;
Old Dobbin still has one smile left
Of which he has not been bereft.
One horse remains to mock your greed;
The children's friend—the milkman's steed!

You've motorized the fireman's job,
You've gassed the cemetery's sob;
You've spread salvation's call afar—
They're preaching to us from a car!
Still there's one job you can not get—
The milkman's horse is with us yet!

The milkman's horse goes on his way
Unmindful of the motor's sway;
What motor-car could ever tell
Where all the milkman's patrons dwell?
A car its steel-born soul would give
To know where all the children live.

What motor-car in all the land
Gets sugar from a baby's hand?
No purring engine ever stops
For clover blooms or lollypops.
So may we have, till Time shall end,
The milkman's horse—the children's friend!

THE OLD YEAR

THE OLD YEAR, swept by tides of all-regretful
tears,
Now bows its head to bear the somber Pall of
Years;
Now bows its heart to do the penance of a slave,
Hard bent upon his journey toward a Stygian
grave.
Yet, what are years but sun-kissed pebbles cast,
With full care-freedom in that filmy sea, The
Past?
The Past? That is To-morrow taken from its
play,
And sent to find an unreturning Yesterday.

OLD MAN

Old man he's th' queerest one
Ever wuz since time begun;
He ist knows more things 'at you
Hardly can't believe they're true.

Ist, fer instance, Old Man swears
He has e't th' meat from bears
He went out an' killed one day
When he'd tired of other play.

Old Man likes to brag about
How he drove th' Injuns out—
Him an' his big brother, who
Killed 'em ever' day er two!

'Course I ist can't say 'at he
Tells things what ain't so to me,
Still it's funny how he knows
All he does 'bout circus shows.

Old Man says when he wuz small
Circus ain't no show at all
'Less two hundred clowns er more
Met you at th' circus door.

Old Man says he can't be wrong—
He's seen show trains ten miles long.
Yes, an' camels so immense
Their big humps held up th' tents.

Maybe it's all true—an' yet
They's one thing ain't so I bet—
'At's th' one he tells how he
Ever' time would git in free!

A ROOF-TOP REVERIE

Away up here on the roof-top
Where the cooling breezes blow,
I joy in my noon hour's leisure
To muse of the crowds below.
Though humble my own vocation,
I look to the streets to see
If one of those pilgrims legion
Leaves envy of soul in me.

I gaze far out to the country,
Then fancy I see a frown
That tells of a farm boy's longing
For life in the crowded town.
And down in the streets below me
Are folk I know would be glad
Had they the sweet range of vision
That comes to a farmer lad.

He pines for the thrills and frenzies
Found only where throngs abide;
They long for the restful quiet
The woods and the streams provide.
The boy craves music and laughter,
A place in the gay parade;
But, oh, how the throng would cherish
Just one glad hour in the shade!

It must be Life's plan of balance;
It never would do, I guess,—
If all took the self-same pathway
We'd know only toil and stress.
So, 'way up here on the roof-top,
Where soul-cheering breezes blow,
I'll joy in my noon hour's leisure
And pity the crowds below.

WHEN MOTHER RUBS IT IN

I've never seen my Mother wearin' such a tickled look,
She smiles just like th' angels in a fairy story book.
She goes around a-singin', with her voice all keyed up high,
Like some one seekin' vengeance fer a wrong of days gone by.

I don't know what's th' matter, but she seems to like to hear
Me come from school a-sneezin' an' a-coughin' in her ear.
Then she rushes to th' kitchen, chucklin' sweetly to herself,
An' down th' dog-gone goose grease comes from off th' pantry shelf.

"Come here!" says she, dramatic! "Come here, my suff'rin' son;
My mother did this same to me—an' she had lots o' fun!"
Then she starts in a-rubbin' my neck, my back an' chest,
An' 'fore she's through I'm needin' 'bout twenty nights of rest.

She stands off lookin' at me—we're both clear out o' breath—
Then shakes her head an' shudders, till I'm 'bout scared to death.
She throws a shawl around her head, an' soon I hear her feet
A-trippin'—oh, so gaily!—to th' drug store up th' street.

I see her through th' window as she comes across th' yard;
Oh, I know what she's boughten—it's turkentine an' lard!

Th' kitchen stove starts boomin', th' lard melts
in a pan,
Then I hear Mother sayin': "Come to Mother,
little man!"

Oh, gee! Oh, gosh! Oh, pshaw! Oh, my! That
dog-gone turkentine
She splashes all around my chest an' up an' down
my spine.
But she don't seem to think of me—she chuckles
with delight,
Then says: "When I was young my Ma did this
way ever' night!"

Next thing she's in th' bathroom, where medicine
is at,
A-talkin' to herself! Says she: "I'd better give
him that!"
An' then it happens! I can feel my soul begin
to boil;
She's gone an' got—she's got it!—she's got th'
castor oil!

AIN'T BOYS FUNNY?

Ain't boys funny? Ain't boys queer?
They don't change much, year on year.
Pals grow up and then there comes
In their wake new boyhood chums.
Do and say things they enjoy
Just as you did when a boy;
Same old views of good and harm
Since old Adam lost his farm.

Ain't boys funny? Ain't boys queer?
Now that Spring is almost here
You can see them wand'ring far
Out where creeks and rivers are.
Just the minute Winter shows
Signs of turning up its toes,
Mister Boy and all his clan
Form a creek-bound caravan.

AIN'T BOYS FUNNY?

Ain't boys funny? Ain't boys queer?
Once the ice floes disappear
Each boy dares each pal of his
Feel how cold the water is!
Each boy knows when that begins
They'll go home wet to their skins.
Clothes all muddy—soggy feet—
Oh, but ain't foot-music sweet?

Ain't boys funny? Ain't boys queer?
Each boy knows the talk he'll hear
When his mother turns to see
Her disheveled progeny.
Yes, of course, he'd show his wrath
If she made him take a bath
In a tub of ice and sand—
Mothers never understand!

A GARDEN PATRIOT

The Sun, the Dew and a Snowball Bush
Met back of our neighbor's door;
Good friends they were who had often met
In that same place before.

The Sun and Dew were in boastful mood
And talked of the silver sheen
They cast each morn on the Snowball Bush
And over the grasses green.

At last the Sun and Dew, grown tired
Of vain, self-meted praise,
Made bold to ask the Snowball Bush
What joy had crowned its days.

With smiles the Bush impelled each bloom
To lift its snow-white head,
Then, swayed by calm and friendly winds,
The topmost blossom said:

"We are the garden's White Zouaves
That march the paths of May
To bivouac where the soldier sleeps
On Decoration day.

"Though buds of other hues may fail,
Our humblest blossoms rise
To vie with flags that wave above
The grave wherein he lies.

"And ah, 'tis good and fitting, too,
That God has made us so,
For those who bear our blossoms there,
Like us—are crowned with snow!"

THE TREE DOCTOR

I find but small excitement in this antiquated
lore,
The digging up of Babylon or finding Canaan's
shore;
My heart yearns not for treasure nor collegiate
degrees,
But, lordy, how I'd glory to be Doctor of the
Trees!

I met one just this morning, as I idled up the
street,
A man whose sentiments of life make living
doubly sweet.
He said he had a gospel, which, embodied as a
whole,
Is: "God makes human every tree, ennobling it
with soul."

He was then on mercy's errand to a locust, half-
decayed,
Its body almost lifeless and the limbs fast losing
shade.
It was good to see the Doctor as he diagnosed the
case,
His pity for the patient sadly pictured on his
face.

He pondered for a moment, then with earnest zeal
began
To be physician to a tree as others are to man.
He sought each little ailment that infested it to
see
What antidotes might be applied, what forms of
surgery.

He found dire complications—there were leprosies
of scale—
Yet he possessed the remedies he knew would
never fail.

I liked his buoyant confidence when, from the parts decayed,
He tore the blight until, behold!—clean apertures were made!

Then bringing all his skill to bear, the surgeon of the trees
As deftly mixed a healing mass and filled the cavities!
"Now it will live," I heard him say, when he had found each ill,
And I, impressed and confident, said: "Yes, I think it will."

For who could have but honest faith in surgeons such as he?
A man whose simple title is Physician to a Tree.
And who will say trees have no souls?—or courage to insist
God does not bless the labor of this leaf-evangelist?

THE END